

MARVEL KNIGHTS

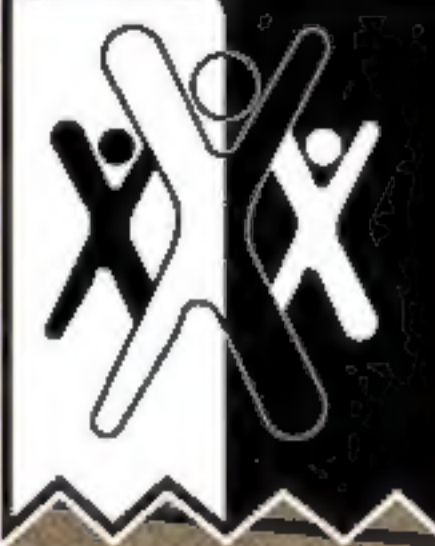
MARVEL
PSR 5

DAVID

RAIMONDI

HENNESSY

REBER



MADROXX

TM



MUTANT TOWN, NEW YORK...



CHICAGO...

HI,
HOW Y'DOIN',
CLAY?

LOOK,
COULD'JA...
DO ME A
FAVOR?

A FAVOR.
OKAY, MADROX.
THIS SHOULD BE
INTERESTING.
WHAT FAVOR?

WELL, THIS...
THIS WAREHOUSE
IS BURNING DOWN
AROUND US,
SO...

...SO IF THIS
IS...WHERE THE VILLAIN
SPILLS HIS GUTS...TO THE
HELPLESS HERO...COULD
YOU JUST...KOFFE...

...HURRY IT
ALONG...?

I FIGURE CLAY WILL. WHY
NOT? THAT'S HOW IT
ALWAYS WORKS IN FILM NOIR.
ALTHOUGH I'M PRETTY SURE I
KNOW IT ALREADY.

CLAY KILLED MY DUPE
BECAUSE HE'S THE
TRIGGERMAN FOR ED
VANCE, CHICAGO'S MOST
CONNECTED MOBSTER.

AND VANCE WANTED
ME DEAD BECAUSE HE
FOUND OUT THAT I
MARRIED HIS FIANCEE,
SHEILA. STRAIGHT UP
JEALOUSY. OLDEST
STORY IN THE BOOKS.



ONCE BURNED, TWICE SHY



SURE.
WHY NOT.

I
KILLED YOUR
DUPE.



I
KNEW
IT.



I KILLED HIM
ON SHEILA'S ORDERS.
SHE'S SECRETLY USING
HER MUTANT POWERS TO
TAKE OVER THE MOBS,
AND SHE WANTED YOU DEAD
BECAUSE ONCE YOUR DUPE
REALIZED WHAT SHE
TRULY WAS, HE
RAN OFF.



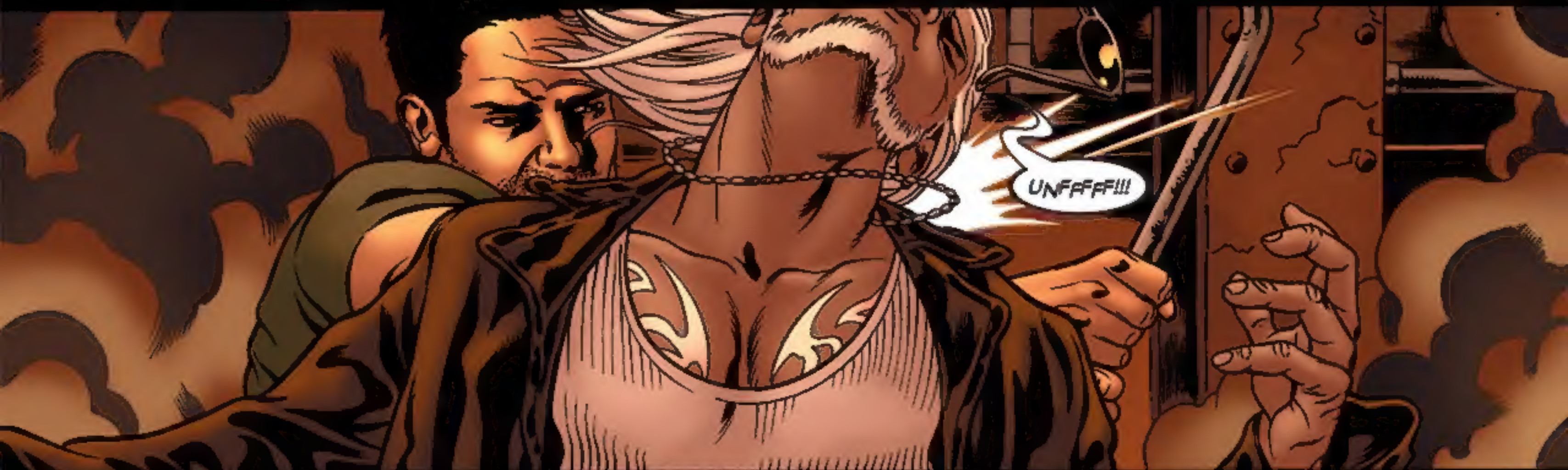
OKAY.
KNEW THAT,
TOO.



THAT COVER EVERYTHING?

NOT... REALLY.

TOO BAD.



UNFFFF!!!



LITTLE CONFUSED HERE, CONSIDERING THIS IS MY DUPE THAT BETRAYED ME ALL OF FIVE MINUTES AGO.

OH, RIGHT ON! YOU'RE NOT DEAD!

YOU... CAME BACK? BUT--



BECAUSE I COULDN'T JUST LEAVE YOU TO DIE, OKAY? HOWZAT FOR LAME?

BEST EXCUSE...I EVER HEARD.



GOT IT... LEVERED! CAN YOU...?

I'M CLEAR!

CAN YOU MOVE?

NOT GREAT, BUT I'LL BE O--



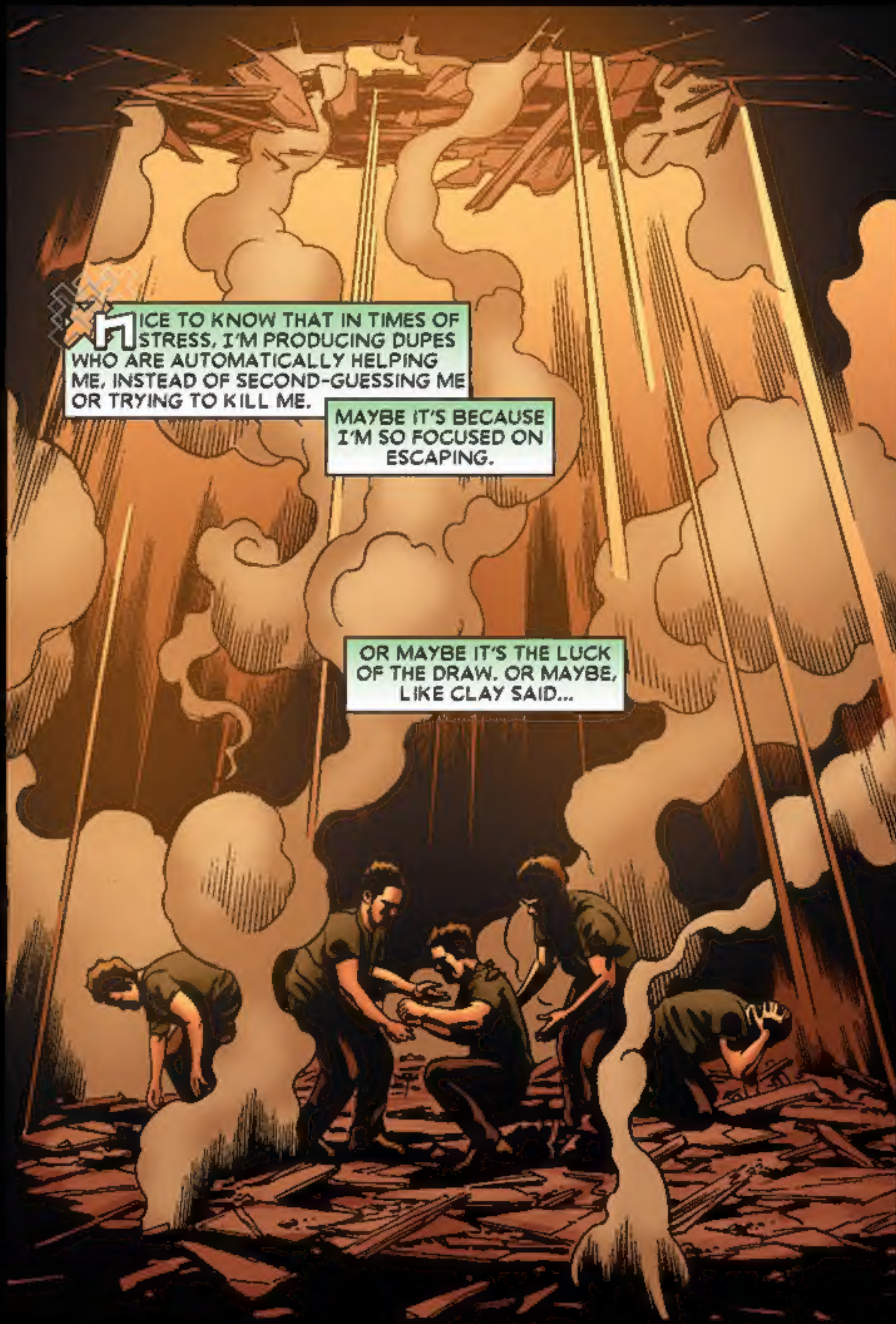
E ALMOST GO INTO SHOCK AS THE WOUNDED DUPE VIOLENTLY RE-MERGES WITH ME. BAD ENOUGH I'VE ALREADY SUCKED ENOUGH SMOKE TO FLATTEN THE DENVER BRONCOS.

THE WORLD SPINS AROUND ME. I CAN BARELY TRUST MY OWN SENSES.

BECAUSE WHAT I'M SEEING IN FRONT OF ME...







NICE TO KNOW THAT IN TIMES OF STRESS, I'M PRODUCING DUPES WHO ARE AUTOMATICALLY HELPING ME, INSTEAD OF SECOND-GUESSING ME OR TRYING TO KILL ME.

MAYBE IT'S BECAUSE I'M SO FOCUSED ON ESCAPING.

OR MAYBE IT'S THE LUCK OF THE DRAW. OR MAYBE, LIKE CLAY SAID...



...I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT WHAT I REALLY AM.

WHAT'S THAT SUPPOSED TO MEAN?



MA...DROX...

OH GEEZ.



Always... hated you...



STRINGER...MY OLD "FRIEND"... THE MIND-READING REPORTER THAT I THOUGHT WAS ACTUALLY BEHIND ALL THIS.

WHAT AN IDIOT I WAS.

A NICKNAME FOR PRIVATE DETECTIVE IS "DICK." NEVER BEEN MORE APPROPRIATE.



HEAR THE FIRE
ENGINES, THE
AMBULANCES IN THE
DISTANCE.

STRINGER'S
NOT GONNA LAST
THAT LONG.

ONE OF MY DUPES SPENT A YEAR
WORKING FOR A CORONER. SO I
KNOW WOUNDS, AND STRINGER'S
ISN'T A GUNSHOT.



SHEILA DID
THIS, DIDN'T
SHE?

NICE...
DUH...DUH...
TECTION...



SHE...NOT...
NOT YOOO...
MUN...

NOT HUMAN.
SHE'S A MUTANT.
LIKE US.

NOT...LIKE
US...SOMETHING...
MORE...SOME-
THING...ELSE.

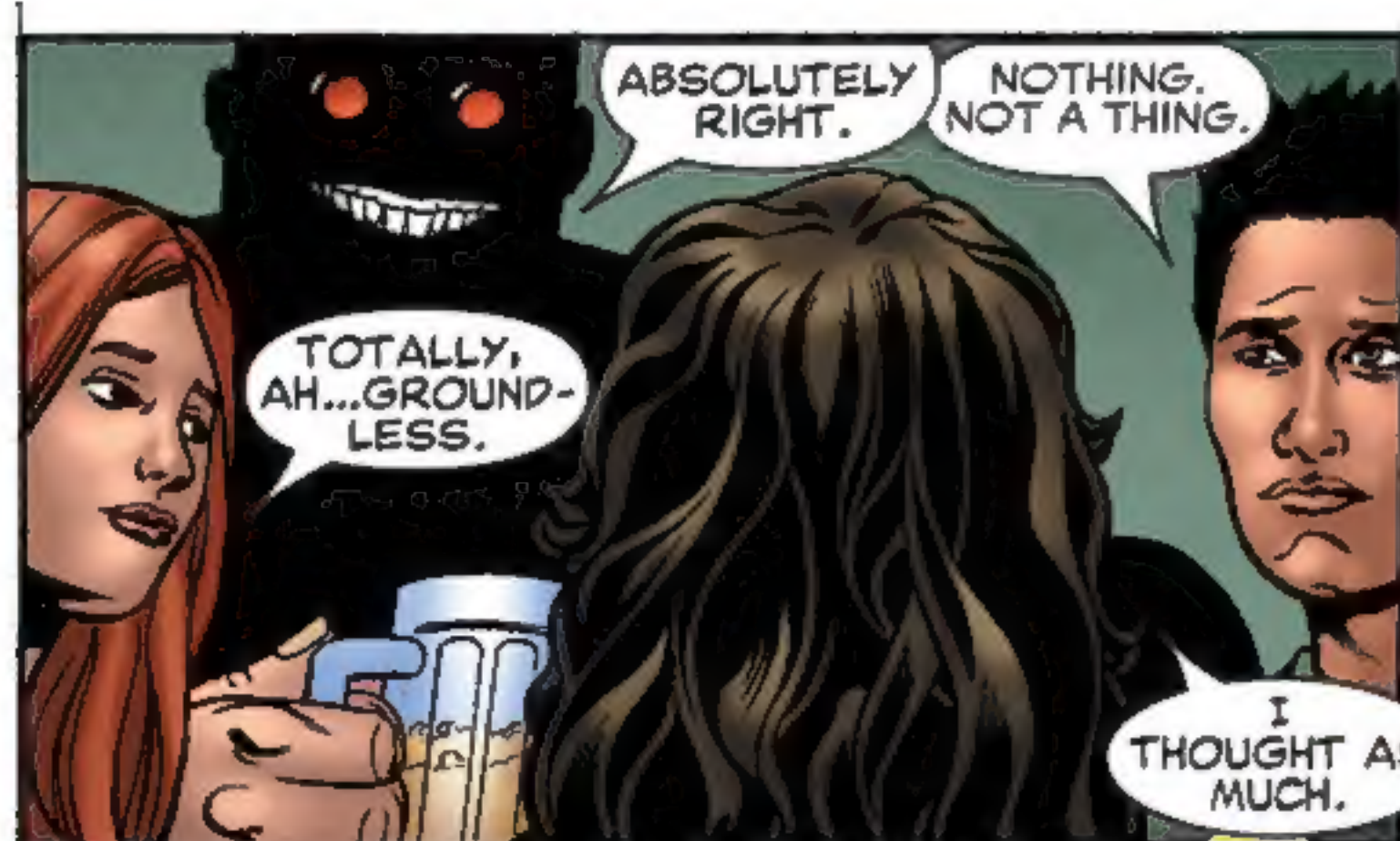
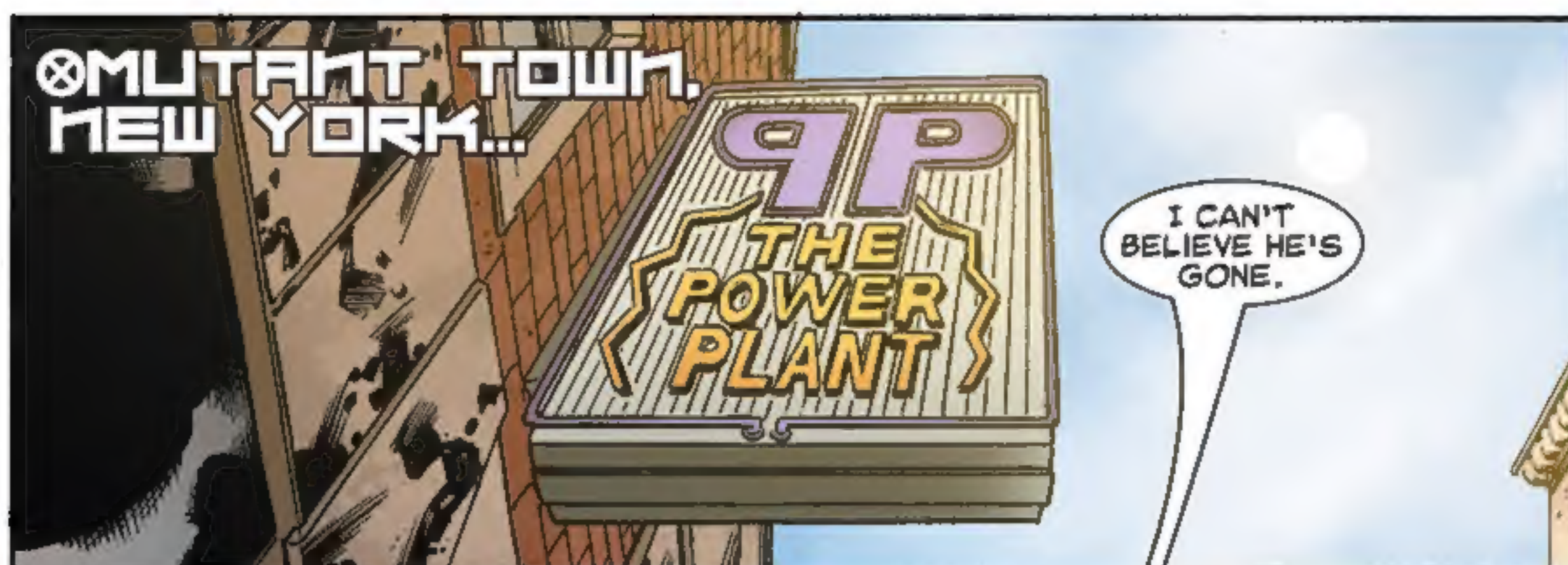
SOMETHING
ELSE? LIKE
WHAT?

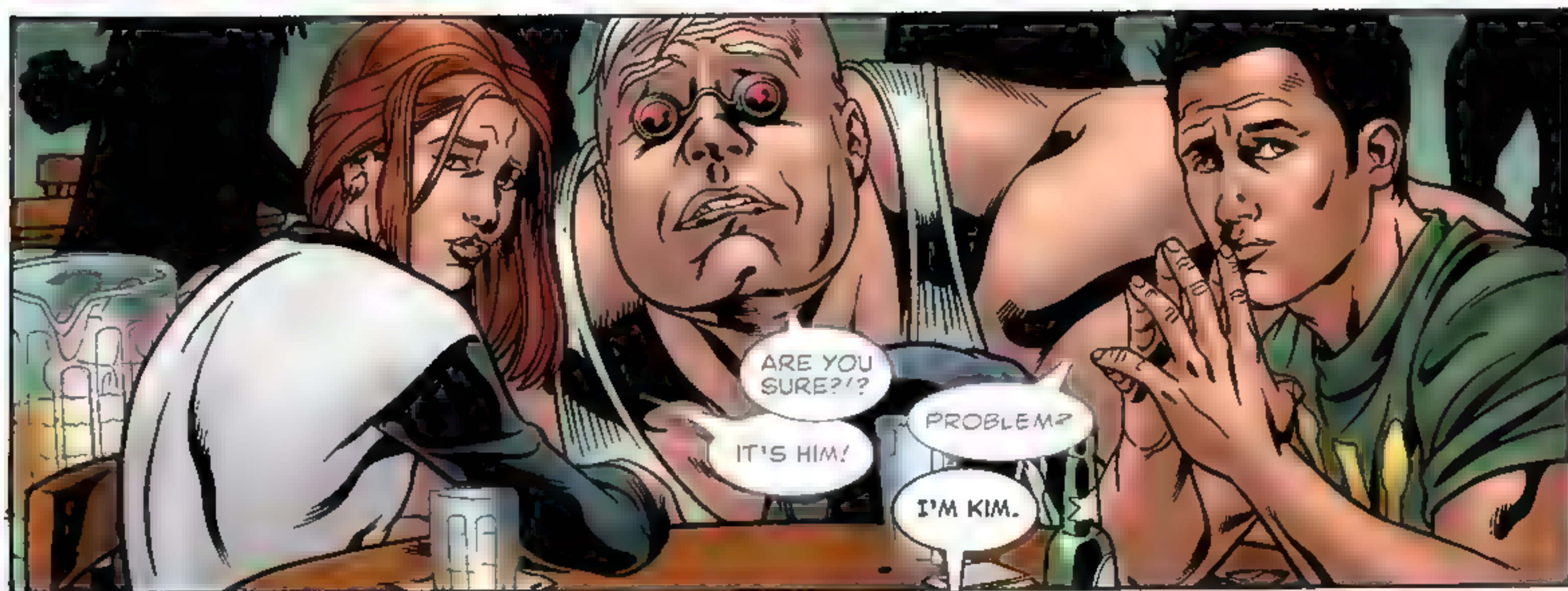
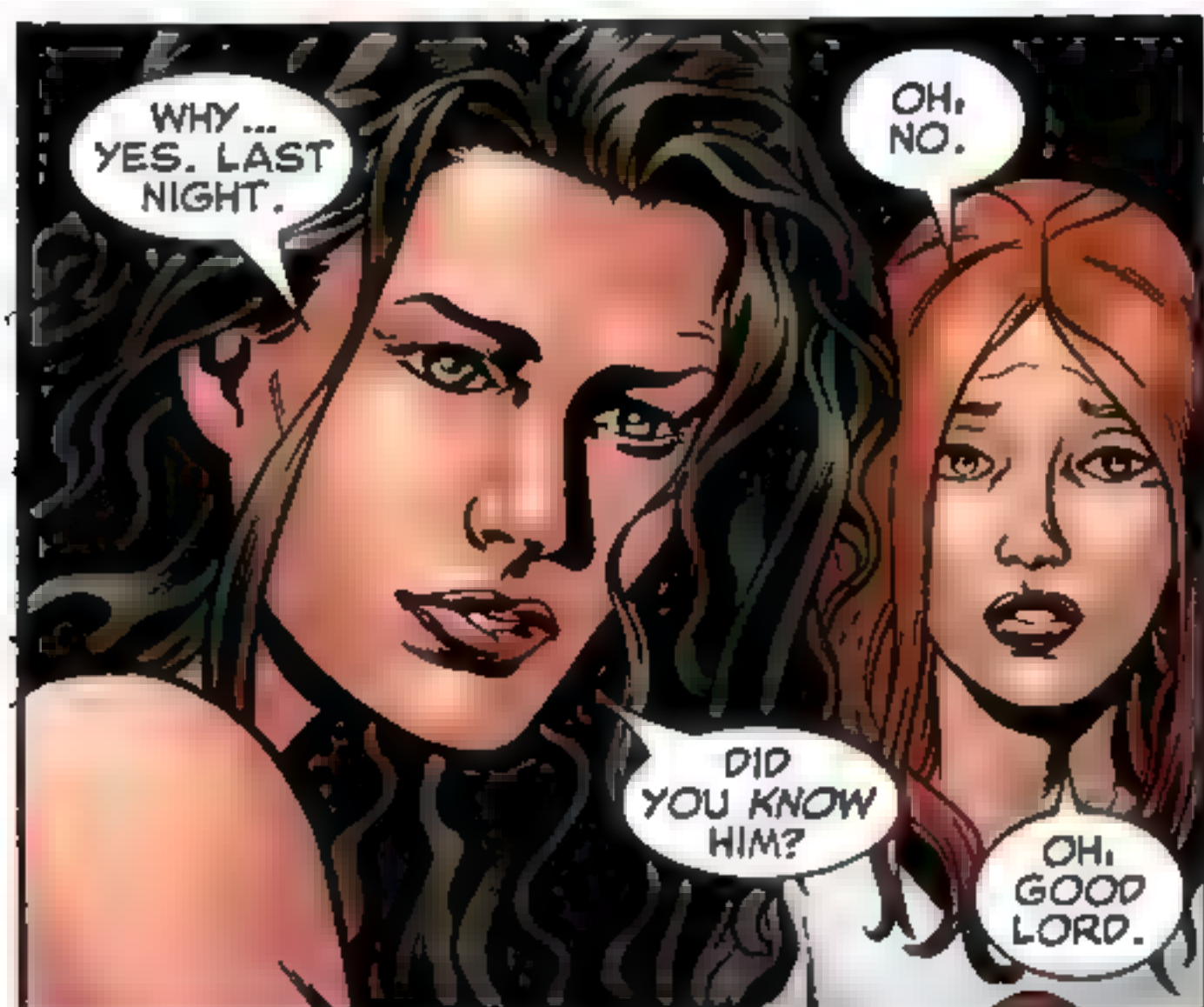


DON'T KNOW,
I'LL...I'LL
GET RIGHT ON
THAT...



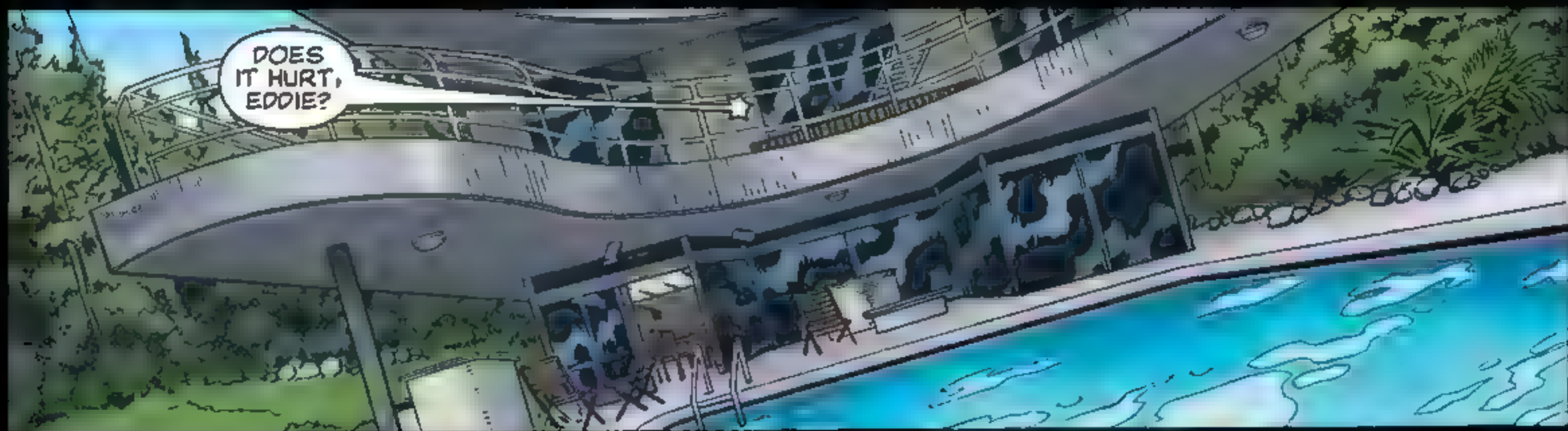
HE'S GONE.



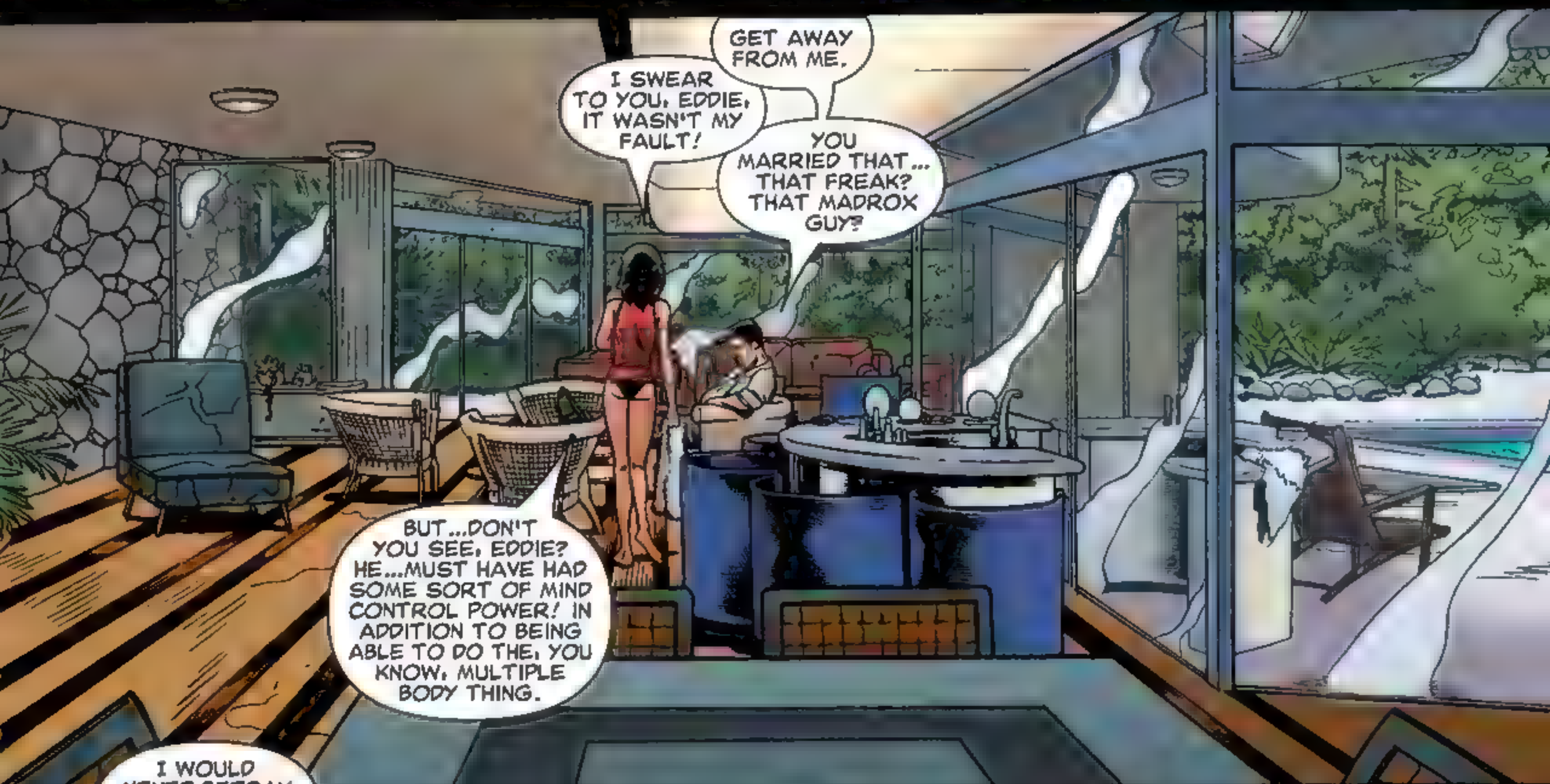








DOES
IT HURT,
EDDIE?



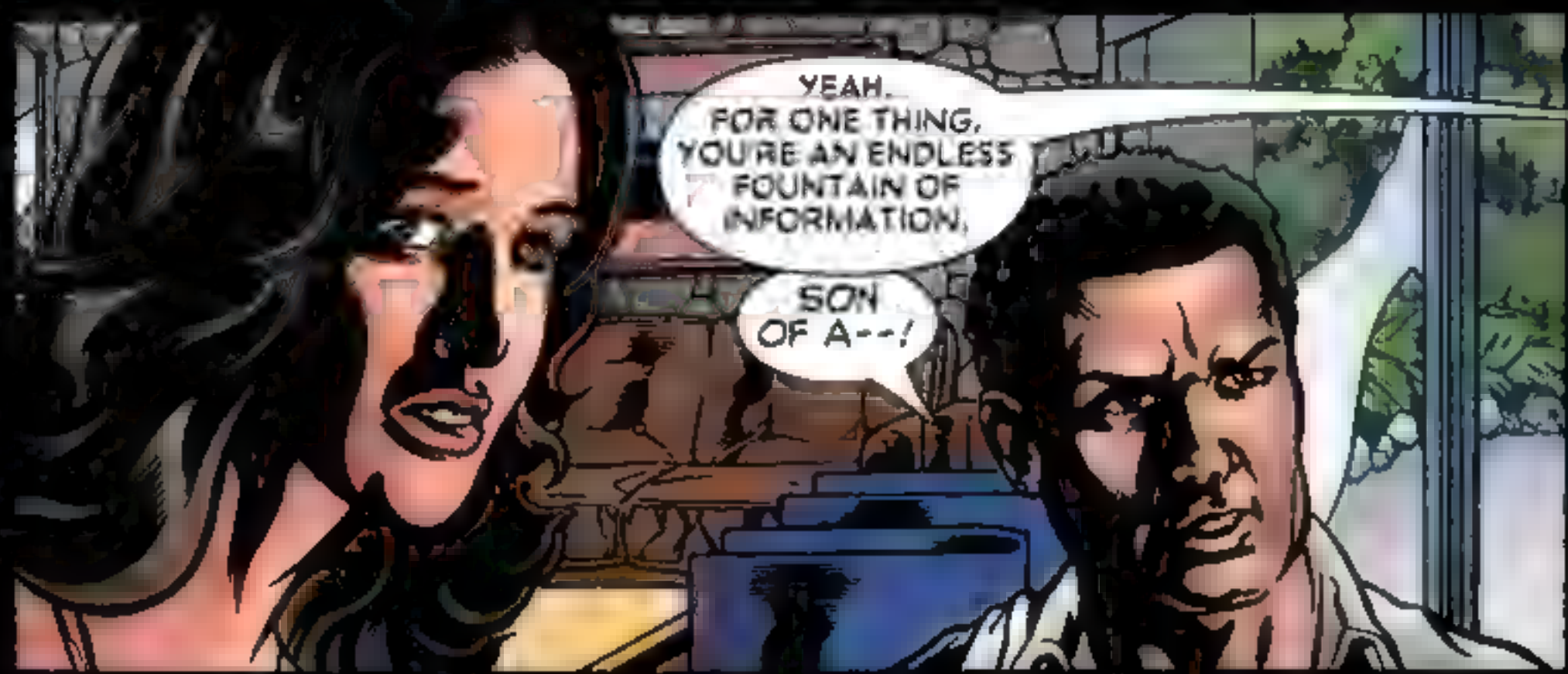
GET AWAY
FROM ME.

I SWEAR
TO YOU, EDDIE,
IT WASN'T MY
FAULT!

YOU
MARRIED THAT ...
THAT FREAK?
THAT MADROX
GUY?

BUT ...DON'T
YOU SEE, EDDIE?
HE ...MUST HAVE HAD
SOME SORT OF MIND
CONTROL POWER! IN
ADDITION TO BEING
ABLE TO DO THE, YOU
KNOW, MULTIPLE
BODY THING.

I WOULD
NEVER BETRAY
YOU WILLINGLY!
YOU MEAN TOO
MUCH TO ME!



YEAH.
FOR ONE THING,
YOU'RE AN ENDLESS
FOUNTAIN OF
INFORMATION.

SON
OF A--!



THROUGH YOU,
SHEILA FINDS OUT WHO
ALL THE TOUGHEST NUTS
IN CHICAGO ARE.

THEN SHE
CRACKS THEM,
ONE BY ONE.

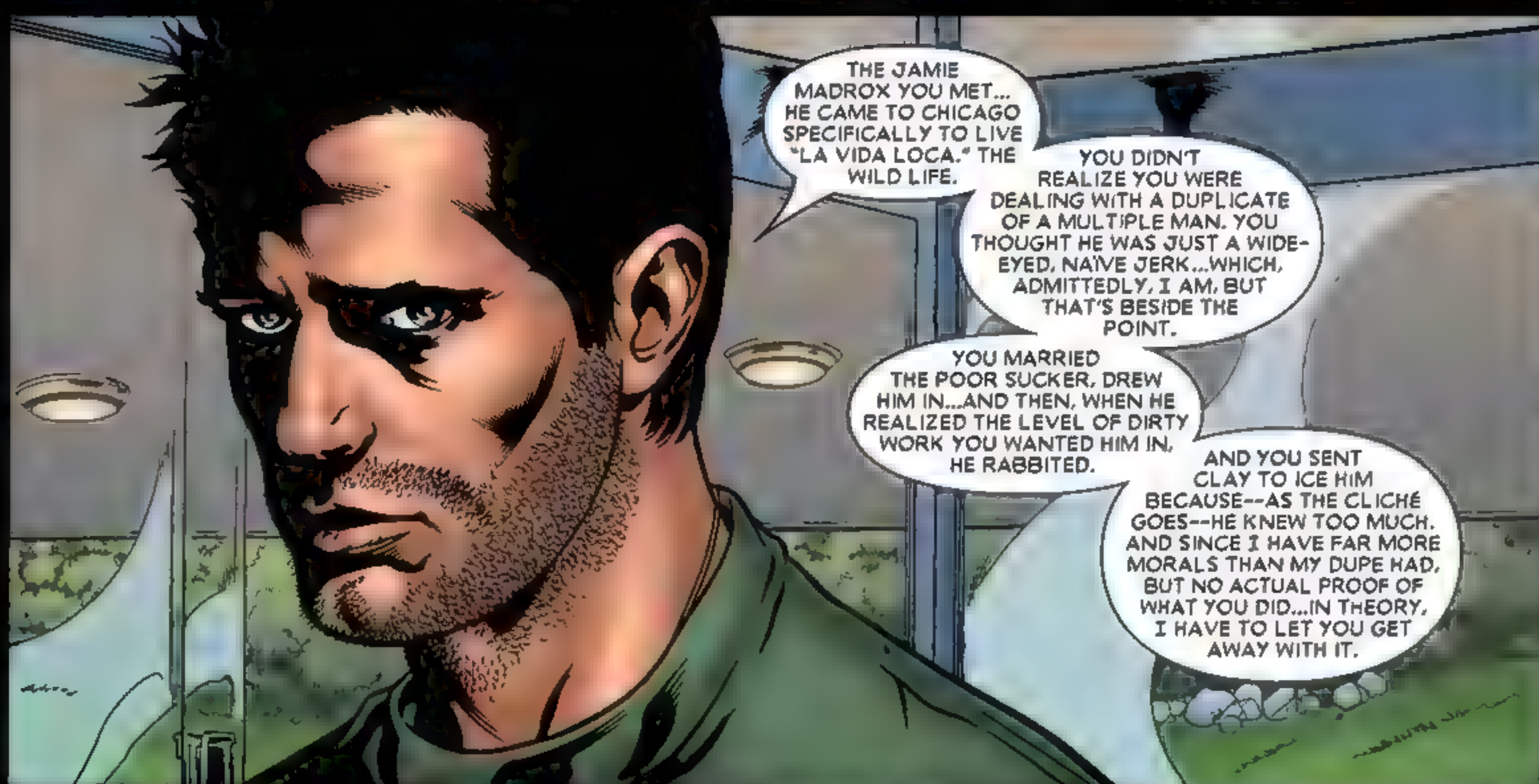
BUT DON'T GET
TOO COMFY, ED. SEE,
ONCE YOUR RIVALS WERE
GONE, YOU'D'VE OUTLIVED
YOUR USEFULNESS
AS WELL.



YOU GOT SOME NERVE, BUDDY...

JAMES, YOU'RE...YOU'RE INSANE! HOW COULD YOU--

TURN AGAINST YOU? MUST'VE CONFUSED THE HELL OUT OF YOU, HUH, SHEILA.



THE JAMIE MADROX YOU MET... HE CAME TO CHICAGO SPECIFICALLY TO LIVE "LA VIDA LOCA." THE WILD LIFE.

YOU DIDN'T REALIZE YOU WERE DEALING WITH A DUPLICATE OF A MULTIPLE MAN. YOU THOUGHT HE WAS JUST A WIDE-EYED, NAÏVE JERK...WHICH, ADMITTEDLY, I AM, BUT THAT'S BESIDE THE POINT.

YOU MARRIED THE POOR SUCKER, DREW HIM IN...AND THEN, WHEN HE REALIZED THE LEVEL OF DIRTY WORK YOU WANTED HIM IN, HE RABBITED.

AND YOU SENT CLAY TO ICE HIM BECAUSE--AS THE CLICHÉ GOES--HE KNEW TOO MUCH. AND SINCE I HAVE FAR MORE MORALS THAN MY DUPE HAD, BUT NO ACTUAL PROOF OF WHAT YOU DID...IN THEORY, I HAVE TO LET YOU GET AWAY WITH IT.



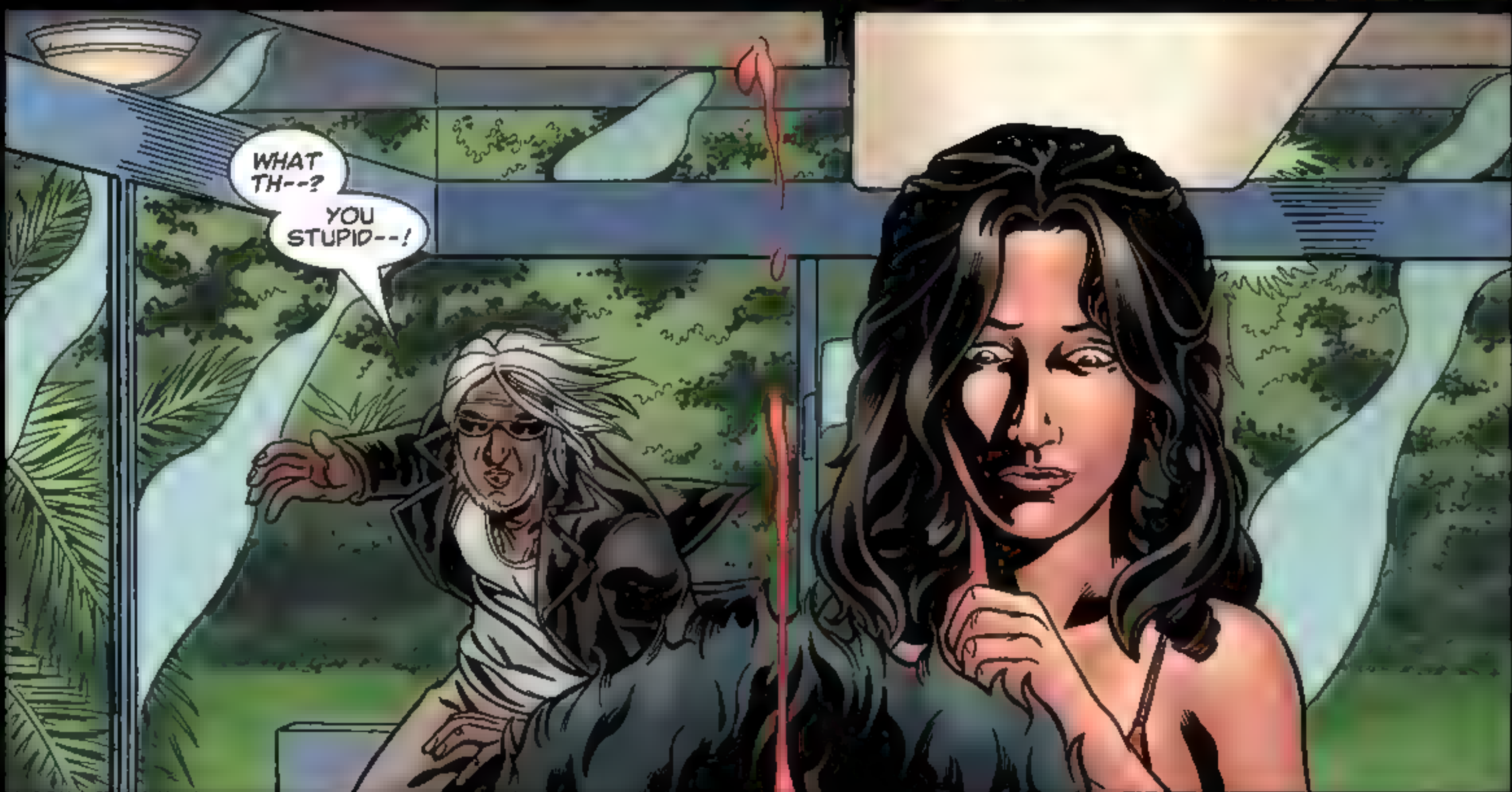
IT'S BAD BUSINESS TO LET THE KILLER GET AWAY WITH IT. BAD ALL AROUND, BAD FOR EVERY DETECTIVE EVERYWHERE.

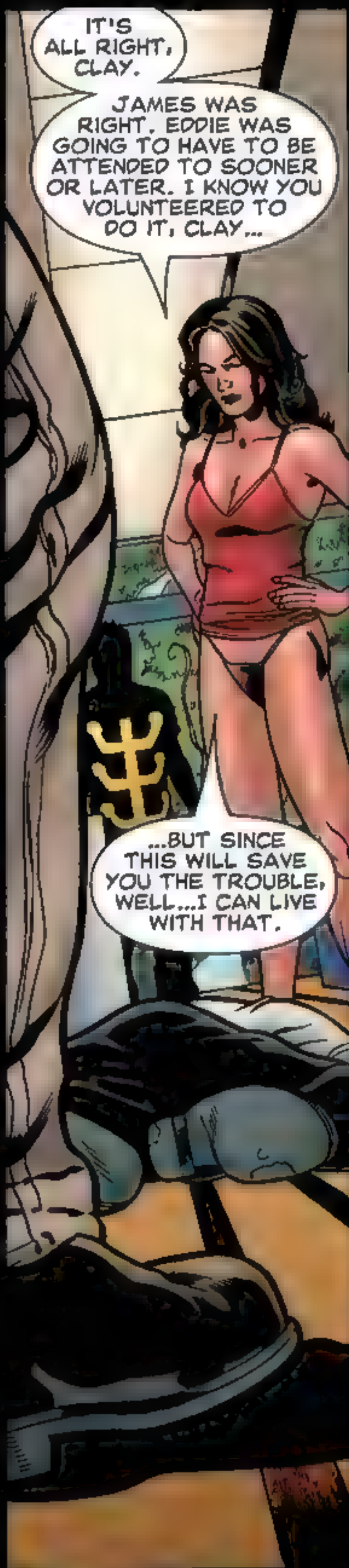
YOU KILLED ME AND YOU'RE GOING OVER FOR IT.

YOU...AND, BEFORE YOU, YOUR BELOVED EDDIE.



BLAMM!





IT'S ALL RIGHT, CLAY.

JAMES WAS RIGHT, EDDIE WAS GOING TO HAVE TO BE ATTENDED TO SOONER OR LATER. I KNOW YOU VOLUNTEERED TO DO IT, CLAY...

...BUT SINCE THIS WILL SAVE YOU THE TROUBLE, WELL...I CAN LIVE WITH THAT.



YOU, JAMES, ON THE OTHER HAND...

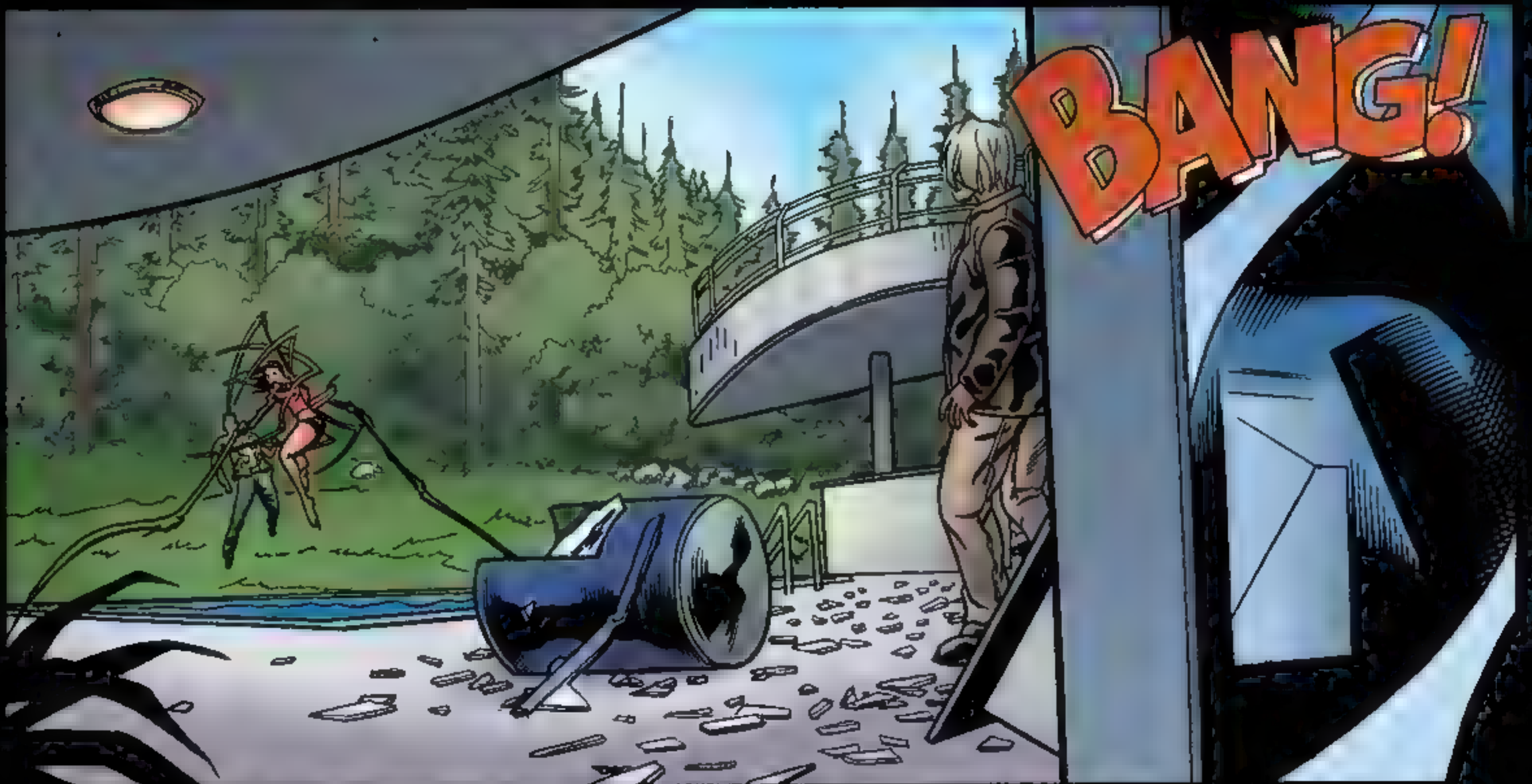


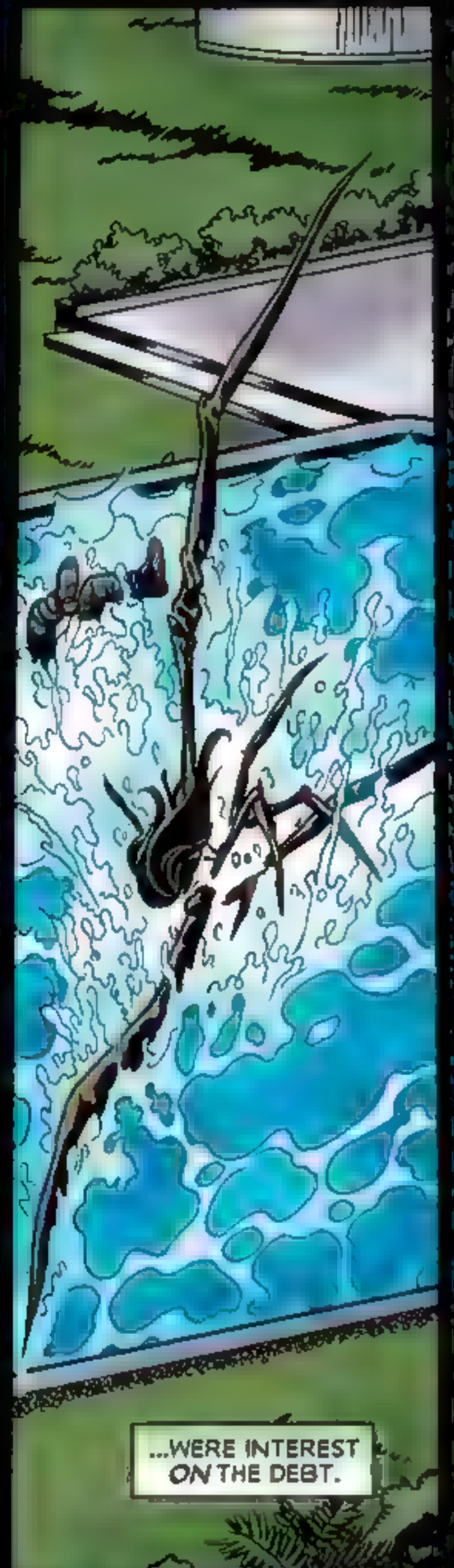
YOU WON'T BE LIVING WITH IT AT ALL!

I KNEW SHE'D BE SOMETHING...ELSE. FROM THE WAY SHE'D KILLED STRINGER, I KNEW.

BUT THIS...THIS CATCHES ME FLAT-FOOTED.

THE GUN GOES FLYING FROM MY HAND BEFORE I EVEN FULLY REGISTER WHAT I'M DEALING WITH.





CREDIT VANCE: HE FIGURED THINGS OUT QUICK. I WAS BANKING ON HIM REALIZING WHAT I'D SHOT HIM WITH.

REALIZING...AND WONDERING WHY I WAS DECORATING HIM WHEN I COULD'VE KILLED HIM.

HE PLAYED POSSUM, JUST AS I EXPECTED, TO SEE WHAT HAPPENED NEXT.



UNFORTUNATELY, I WASN'T EXPECTING THIS PART.

GIVE ME ONE GOOD REASON NOT TO KILL YOU.

BOTTOM LINE, I SAVED YOUR LIFE. YOU OWE ME. IS THIS HOW YOU SETTLE DEBTS?

FREQUENTLY, YES.



OH. WELL, THEN...I GOT NOTHIN'.



GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE.

FOR HALF A SECOND, I CAN STILL TASTE HER LIPS, FEEL THE WARMTH OF HER BODY AGAINST MINE.

THEN IT'S GONE. AND SO AM I.



THE ENTIRE BUS RIDE BACK FROM CHICAGO TO NEW YORK, I KEEP WONDERING WHAT I ACCOMPLISHED.

A WOMAN I THOUGHT I LOVED IS DEAD. A FRIEND OF MINE IS DEAD. A CRIMINAL MOB GUY IS STILL IN PLACE, WITH FEWER RIVALS TO WORRY ABOUT.

AND A MAN WITH THE SAME POWER I HAD IS DEAD.

EXCEPT, AS I WELL KNOW, THE DEATH OF A MULTIPLE MAN ISN'T ALWAYS WHAT IT SEEMS.



I GUESS WHAT I ACCOMPLISHED IS THAT I'M STILL ALIVE...I...SUPPOSE.

AND I'M NOT ALWAYS. SO THAT'S SOMETHING.

"YOU DON'T KNOW ANYTHING, MADROX... LEAST OF ALL WHAT YOU REALLY ARE."



SO...WHAT AM I? WHO AM I?

HOW CAN I BE A DETECTIVE, FIND OTHER PEOPLE, WHEN I CAN'T EVEN FIND MYSELF?



HI. WHAD'JA BRING ME?



THE CUBS? YOU GIVE A LIFELONG YANKEES FAN A CUBS HAT?

EITHER THIS OR A WHITE SOX HAT.

CUBS WORKS.



JAMIE!
DID YOU FIND THE
KILLER?

YEAH, BUT I
DON'T WANNA TALK
ABOUT IT. SO...ANYTHING
HAPPEN HERE WHILE I
WAS GONE?

YES, BUT
I DON'T WANNA
TALK ABOUT
IT.

SWELL.
SO WHAT
CAN WE TALK
ABOUT?

HOW
ABOUT THAT DAY
I FIRST ARRIVED.
HOW'D YOU KNOW ALL
THOSE THINGS I'D DONE
BEFORE I GOT HERE?
BUYING THE NEWSPAPER,
STEPPING IN A PUDDLE
AND SUCH.

I HAD DUPES
ACTING AS SPOTTERS
ALL ALONG YOUR PATH.
THEY KEPT PHONING
IN UPDATES.

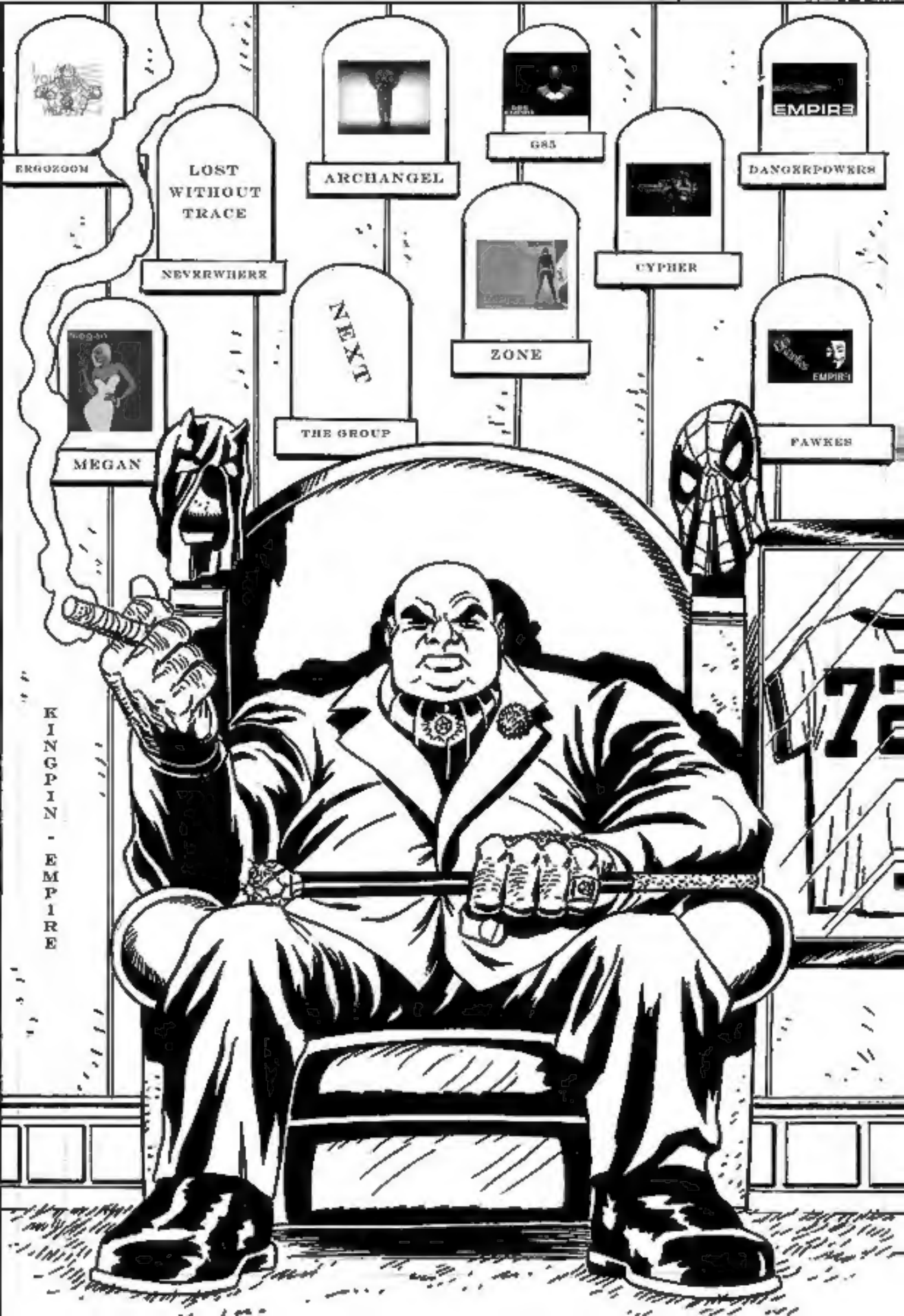
Y'STINK
AS A PRIVATE
DETECTIVE,
DO Y'KNOW
THAT?

I ADMIT, THERE'S
SOME ROOM FOR
IMPROVEMENT...

THERE WAS ROOM
FOR IMPROVEMENT ON
THE NAME OF YOUR AGENCY,
TOO. "TRIPLE X?" SOUNDS
LIKE A PORN OUTFIT, SO I
TOOK CARE OF IT FOR YA.

WHAT
DO YOU
MEAN...?





ERGOZOOM

LOST
WITHOUT
TRACE

ARCHANGEL

G85

EMPIRE

DANGERPOWERS

NEVRRWHERE

CYPHER

ZONE

EMPIRE

NEXT

THE GROUP

FAWKES

MEGAN

KINGPIN - EMPIRE

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